

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

VOLUME 1

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1854.

NUMBER 27.

Christian Spiritualist,
PUBLISHED BY
THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL
KNOWLEDGE,
At No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

The Christian Spiritualist is published every Saturday morning.
TERMS—Two Dollars per year, payable within three months.
Ten copies for Fifteen Dollars, or one person sending us ten subscribers will be entitled to a copy for one year.
SINGLE COPIES—Five Cents.
All business letters and communications should be addressed to the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge, or, Editor Christian Spiritualist, No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

THE BIBLE.

In a discourse by Theodore Parker upon "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity," we find the following so true and so eloquently expressed, that we ask our readers to enjoy its good with us.

THE BIBLE.

"These doctrines respecting the Scriptures have often changed, and are but fleeting. Yet men lay much stress on them; some cling to these notions as if they were Christianity itself. It is about these and similar points that theological battles are fought from age to age. Men sometimes use worst the choicest treasure which God bestows. This is especially true of the use men make of the Bible. Some men have regarded it as the heathen their idol, or the savage his fetish. They have subordinated reason, conscience and religion to this; thus they have lost half the treasure it bears in its bosom. No doubt, the time will come when its true character shall be felt. Then, it will be seen, that amid all the contradictions of the Old Testament, its legends so beautiful as fictions, so appalling as facts, amid its predictions that have never been fulfilled; amid the puerile conceptions of God, which sometimes occur, and the cruel denunciations that disgrace both Psalm and Prophecy, there is a reverence for man's nature, a sublime trust in God, and a depth of piety rarely felt in these cold northern hearts of ours. Then, the devotion of its authors, the loftiness of their aim, and the majesty of their life, will appear doubly fair, and Prophet and Psalmist will warm our hearts as never before. Their voice will cheer the young, and sanctify the grey-headed; will charm us in the toil of life, and sweeten the cup Death gives us, when he comes to shake off this mantle of flesh. Then will it be seen, that the words of Jesus are the music of Heaven, sung in an earthly voice, and the echoes of these words in John and Paul owe their efficacy to their truth and their depth, and to no accidental matter connected therewith. Then can the word, which was in the beginning and now is, find access to the innermost heart of man, and speak there as now it seldom speaks. Then shall the Bible, which is a whole library of the deepest and most earnest thoughts, and feelings, and piety, and love, ever recorded in human speech, be read oftener than ever before, not with superstition, but with reason, conscience, and faith fully active. Then shall it sustain men bowed down with many sorrows; rebuke sin; encourage virtue; sow the world broadcast with the seed of love, that man may reap a harvest for life everlasting.

With all the obstacles men have thrown in its way, how much has the Bible done for mankind? No abuse has deprived us of its blessings. You trace its path across the world from the day of Pentecost to this day. As a river springs up in the heart of a sandy continent, having its father in the skies, and its birth-place in distant unknown mountains; as the stream rolls on, enlarging itself, making in that arid waste a belt of verdure, wherever it turns its way; creating palm-groves and fertile plains, where the smoke of the cottager curls up at even-tide, and marble cities send the gloom of their splendor far into the sky; such has been the course of the Bible on the earth. Despite of idolaters bowing to the dust before it, it has made a deeper mark on the world than the rich and beautiful literature of all the heathen. The first book of the Old Testament tells man he is made in the image of God; the first book in the New Testament gives us the motto: 'Be perfect as your Father in Heaven.' Higher words were never spoken. How the truths of the Bible have blessed us! There is not a boy on all the hills of New England; not a girl in the filthiest cellar which disgraces a capital in Europe, and cries to God against the barbarism of modern civilization; not a boy or a girl all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by that great book."

JESUS CHRIST.

"Doubtless, the time will come, when men shall see Christ also as he is. Well might he still say: 'Have I been so long with you, and yet have not known me?' No! we have made him an idol, have bowed the knee before him, saying, 'Hail, King of the Jews!' called him 'Lord! Lord!' but none of the things which he said. The history of the Christian world might well be summed up in one word of the Evangelist, 'and there they crucified him,' for there has never been an age when men did not crucify the Son of God afresh. But if error prevail for a time and grow old in the world, truth will triumph at the last, and then we shall see the Son of God as he is. Lifted up, he will draw all Nations unto him. Then will men understand the word of Jesus, which shall not pass away. Then, shall we see and love the divine life that he lived. How vast has his influence been! How his Spirit wrought in the hearts of his disciples, rude, selfish, bigoted, as at first they were! His words judge the Nations. The wisest son of man has not measured their height. They speak to what is deepest in profound men; what is holiest in good men; what is divinest in religious men. They kindle anew the flame of devotion in hearts long cold.—

They are Spirit and Life. His truth was not derived from Moses and Solomon, but the light of God shone through him, not colored, not bent aside. His life is the perpetual rebuke of all time since. It condemns ancient, it condemns modern civilization. Wise men we have since had, and good men, but this *Golgotha youth stode before the world whole thousands of years*, so much of divinity was in him. His words solve the questions of this present age. In him the God-like and the Human met and embraced, and a divine life was born.—Measure him by the world's greatest sons; how poor they are. Try him by the best of men; how little and low they appear. Exalt him as much as we may, we shall yet perhaps, come short of the mark. But still was he not our brother; the son of man as we are; the son of God like ourselves? His excellence, was it not human excellence? His wisdom, love, piety, sweet and celestial as they were, were they not what we may also attain? In him as in a mirror, we may see the image of God and go on from glory to glory, till we are changed into the same image, led by the Spirit which enlightens the humble. Viewed in this way, how beautiful is the life of Jesus. Heaven has come down to earth, or rather earth has become heaven. The son of God, come of age, has taken possession of his birth-right. The brightest revelation is this: if what is possible for all men, if not now, at least hereafter."

DOCTRINES AND FORMS.

"To turn away from the disputes of Catholics and Protestants, of the Unitarian and the Trinitarian, of old school and new school, and come to the plain words of Jesus of Nazareth, Christianity is a simple thing, very simple. It is absolute, pure morality, absolute, pure religion; the love of man, the love of God acting without let or hindrance. The only creed it lays down is the great truth which springs up spontaneously in the holy heart—there is a God. Its watchword is, be perfect as your Father in Heaven. The only Form it demands is a *divine life*, doing the best thing in the best way, from the highest motives; perfect obedience to the great law of God.—Its sanction is the voice of God in your heart, the perpetual presence of Him who made us and the stars over our heads, Christ and the Father abiding in us. All this is very simple; a little child can understand it; very beautiful, the loftiest mind can find nothing so lovely. Try it by reason, conscience, and faith, things highest in man's nature, we see no redundancy, we feel no deficiency. Examine the particular duties it enjoins; humility, reverence, sobriety, gentleness, charity, forgiveness, fortitude, resignation, faith, and active love. Try the whole extent of Christianity so well summed up in the command, 'thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind,—thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;' and is there anything that can perish? No, the very opponents of Christianity have rarely found fault with the teachings of Jesus. The end of Christianity seems to be to make all men one with God as Christ was one with Him; to bring them to such a state of obedience and goodness, that we shall think divine thoughts, and feel divine sentiments, and so keep the law of God by living a life of truth and love. * * * It does not demand all men to think alike, but to think uprightly, and to get as near as possible to truth; not all men to live alike, but to live holy, and to get as nearly as possible to a life perfectly divine. Christ set up no pillars of Hercules, beyond which men must not sail the sea in quest of truth. He says, 'I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now—greater words than these shall ye do.'—Christianity lays no rude hand on the sacred peculiarities of individual genius and character. But there is no Christian sect that does not fetter a man. It would make all men think alike or smother their conviction in silence. Were all men Quakers or Baptists, Catholics or Unitarians, there would be much less diversity of thought, character, and life, less of truth active in the world than now. But Christianity gives us the largest liberty of the sons of God, and were all men Christians after the fashion of Jesus, this variety would be a thousand times greater than it is now, for *Christianity is not a system of doctrines*, but rather a method of attaining oneness (atonement) with God. * * *

In an age of corruption, as all ages are, Jesus stood and looked up to God. There was nothing between him and the Father of all; no old word, be it of Moses or Elias, of a living Rabbi or Sanhedrin of Rabbis; no sin or perverseness, of the finite will. As the result of this virgin purity of soul and perfect obedience, the light of God shone down into the very depths of his soul, bringing all of the Godhead that flesh can receive. He would have us do the same; worship with nothing between us and God; act, think, feel, live in perfect obedience to Him; and we never are Christians as he was the Christ, until we worship as Jesus did, with no mediator, with nothing between us and the Father of all. He felt that God's word was in him; that he was one with God. He told what he saw—the Truth. He lived what he felt—a life of Love. The truth he brought to light must have been always the same before the eyes of all-seeing God, nineteen centuries before Christ, or nineteen centuries after him. A life, supported by the principle, and quickened by the sentiment of religion, if true to both, is always the same thing in Nazareth or in New England. Now, that divine man received these truths from God; was illumined more clearly by "the light that lighteth every man;" combined or involved all the truths of religion and morality in his doctrine, and made them manifest in his life. Then, his words and example passed into the world, and can no more perish than the stars

be wiped out of the sky. The truths he taught; his doctrines respecting man and God; the relation between man and man, and man and God, with the duties that grow out of that relation, are always the same, and can never change till man ceases to be man, and creation vanishes into nothing. No; forms and opinions change and perish; but the word of God cannot fail. The form religion takes, the doctrines wherewith she is girded, can never be the same in any two centuries or two men; for since the sum of religious doctrines is both the result and the measure of a man's total growth in wisdom, virtue, and piety, and since men will always differ in these respects, so religious doctrines and forms will always differ, always be transient, as Christianity goes forth and scatters the seed she bears in her hand. But the *Christianity holy men feel in the heart*, the Christ (the Spirit of love to God and man), that is born within us, is always the same thing to each soul that feels it. This differs only in degree, and not in kind, from age to age, and man to man; there is something in Christianity from the Ebionites to the 'latter day saints' never entirely overlooked. * * *

Real Christianity gives men new life. It is the growth and perfect action of the Holy Spirit God puts into the sons of men. It makes us outgrow any form, or any system of doctrines we have devised, and approach still closer to the truth. It would lead us to take what help we can find. It would make the Bible our servant not our master. It would teach us to profit by the piety and wisdom of David and Solomon, but not to sin their sins, nor to bow down to their idols. It would make us revere the holy words spoken by 'Godly men of old,' but reverse still more the word of God spoken through conscience, reason, and faith, as the holiest of all. It would not make Christ the despot of the soul, but the brother of all men. It would not tell us that even he had exhausted the fulness of God, so that He could create none greater, for with Him "all things are possible," and neither Old Testament or New Testament ever hints that creation exhausts the Creator. Still less would it tell us, the wisdom, the piety, the love, the manly excellence of Jesus were the result of miraculous agency alone, but that it was now like the excellence of humbler men, by faithful obedience to Him who gave His son such ample heritage. It would point to him as our brother, who went before, like the good shepherd, to charm us with the music of his words, and with the beauty of his life to tempt us up the steep of mortal toil, within the gate of Heaven. It would have us make the kingdom of God on earth, and enter more fittingly the kingdom on high. It would lead us to form Christ in the heart, on which Paul laid such stress, and work out our salvation by this. For, it is not so much by the Christ who lived so blameless and beautiful eighteen years ago, that we are saved directly, but by the Christ (Love-Spirit) we form in our hearts, and live out in our daily lives, that we save ourselves, God working with us, both to will and to do.

Compare the simpleness of Christianity as Christ sets it forth on the Mount, with what is sometimes taught and accepted in that honored name; and what a difference! One is of God; one is of man. There is something in Christianity which sects have not reached; something that will not be won, we fear, by theological battles or the quarrels of pious men; still, we may rejoice that Christ is preached in any way. The Christianity of sects, of the pulpit, of society, is ephemeral—a transitory fly. It will pass off and be forgot. Some new form will take its place, suited to the aspect of the changing times. Each will represent something of the truth, but no one the whole. It seems the whole race of man is needed to do justice to the whole of truth, as "the whole Church to preach the whole Gospel." Truth is entrusted for the time to a perishable Ark of human contrivance. Though often ship-wrecked, she always comes safe to land, and is not changed by her mishap. That pure, ideal religion which Jesus saw on the Mount of his vision, and lived out in the lowly life of a Galilean peasant, which transforms his cross into an emblem of all that is holiest on earth; which makes sacred the ground he trod, and is dearest to the best of men, most true to what is truest in them, can never pass away. Let men improve never so far in civilization, or soar never so high on the wings of religion and love, they can never outdo the flight of truth and Christianity. It will always be above them. It is as if we were to fly towards a star, which becomes larger and more bright the nearer we approach, till we enter and are absorbed in its glory.

If we look carelessly on the ages that have gone by, or only on the surface of things as they come up before us, there is reason to fear, for we confront the truth of God with the word of man. So at a distance the cloud and the mountain seem the same. When the drift changes with the passing wind, an unpracticed eye might fancy the mountain itself was gone. But the mountain stands to catch the clouds, to win the blessing they bear, and send it down to moisten the fainting violet, to form streams which gladden valley and meadow, and sweep on at last to the sea, laden with fleets. Thus, the forms of the Church, the creeds of the sects, the conflicting opinion of teachers, float round the sides of the Christian Mount, and swell, and toss, and rise, and fall, and dart their lightning, and roll their thunder, but they neither make nor mar the Mount itself. Its lofty summit far transcends the tumult; knows nothing of the storm that roars below; but burns with rosy light at evening and at morn; gleams in the splendor of the midday sun; sees his light when the long shadows creep over plain and moorland, and all night long has its head

in the heavens, and is visited by troops of stars which never set, nor veil their face to aught so pure and high.

Let, then, the transient pass, fleet as it will, and may God send us some new manifestations of the Christian faith that shall stir men's hearts as they were never stirred; some new word, which shall teach us what we are, and renew us all in the image of God; some better life, that shall fulfill the Hebrew prophecy, and pour out the Spirit of God on young men and maidens, and old men and children; which shall realize the word of Christ, and give us the comfort, who shall reveal all needed things. There are Simeons enough in the cottages and churches of New England, plain men and pious women, who wait for the consolation, and would die in gladness, if their expiring breath could stir quicker the wings that bear him on. There are men enough, sick and 'bowed down, in no wise able to lift up themselves,' who would be healed could they kiss the hand of their Savior, or touch but the hem of his garments; men who look up and are not fed, because they ask bread from heaven, and water from the rock, not traditions or fancies, Jewish or Heathen, or new or old; men enough, who, with throbbing hearts, pray for the Spirit of healing to come upon the waters, which other than angels have long kept in trouble; men enough who have lain long sick of theology, nothing bettered by many physicians, and are now dead, too dead to bury their dead, who would come out of their graves at the glad tidings.

God send us a real religious life, which shall pluck blindness out of the heart and make us better fathers, mothers, and children; a religious life, that shall go with us when we go, and make every home the house of God, every act acceptable as a prayer. We would work for this, and pray for it, though we wept tears of blood while we prayed. Such, then, is the Transient, and such the Permanent in Christianity. What is of absolute value never changes; we may cling round it, and grow to it forever. No one can say *his notions shall stand*. But we may all say, the truth as it is in Jesus, *shall never pass away*. Yet there are always some even religious men, who do not see the permanent element, so they rely on the fleeting; and what is also an evil, condemn others for not doing the same. They mistake a defence of the truth for an attack upon the Holy of Holies; the removal of a theological error for the destruction of all religion. Already men of the same sect eye one another with suspicion, and lowering brows that indicate a storm, and like children who have fallen out in their play, call hard names. Now, as always, there is collision between these two elements. The question puts itself to each man, 'will you cling to what is perishing, or embrace what is eternal?' This question each must answer for himself.

My friends, if you chance to receive the notions about Christianity, which chance to be current in your sect or church, solely because they are current, and thus accept the commandment of men instead of God's truth, there will always be enough to commend you for soundness of judgment, prudence, and good sense; enough to call you Christian for that reason. But if this is all you rely upon, alas for you. The ground will shake under your feet if you attempt to walk uprightly and like men. You will be afraid of every new opinion, lest it shake down your church; you will fear 'lest if a fox go up, he will break down your stone wall.' The smallest contradiction in the New Testament or the Old Testament; the least disagreement between the law and the Gospel; any mistake of the apostles, will weaken your faith. It shall be with you 'as when a hungry man dreameth; but he awaketh and his soul is empty.'

If on the other hand you take the true word of God, and *live out this*, nothing shall harm you.—Men may mock, but their mouthful of wind shall be blown back upon their own face. If the master of the house were called Beelzebub, it matters little what name is given to the household. The name Christian, given in mocking, will last till the world go down. He that loves God and man, and lives in accordance with that love, need not fear what man can do to him. His religion comes to him in his hour of sadness, it lays its hand on him when he has fallen among thieves, and raises him up, heals and comforts him. If he is crucified, he shall rise again."

With the kind regards of your friend,
CHARLES H. CHAGIN.

LET US THEN BE UP AND DOING.

BY S. LEAVITT.

Two students sat in their little room, in the top-most story of a house that overlooked a large city, and a broad expanse of waters, on whose farther shore rose beautiful hills studded with villas. A mellow autumnal sunshine bathed the earth, and in the sky huge clouds sailed on in solemn grandeur.

In the countenance of the elder student, there appeared a serenity and fixedness of purpose, that was wanting in that of the younger. His every look and action seemed to say, "To me also shall be given if not victory at least the consciousness of battle."

The younger student, though cast in a somewhat similar mould, was just now evidently in no very resolute state of mind. "So you want me to preach and write do you," said he—

"And somewhat of a scornful smile
Upturned his haughty lip the while;
And coldly glanced his eye of blue
Like wintry drop of frozen dew."

"To keep doing the duty that lies nearest to

me,' and 'become a useful member of society.' Glorious incitements have we indeed towards exerting ourselves for mankind! What has it profited, that in all times past so many have given themselves to the work of helping their fellows? No more swiftly has that fixed fate which governs all things, brought near the long-expected Golden Age. We are but puppets! 'Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die!'

ELDER STUDENT.—I will admit that there is an unfathomable mystery about this matter of free will and necessity. But come down now on to a practical plane. "Gird up now your loins like a man, for I will inquire of thee and answer thou me." Have we not just as much reason to suppose that man *per se* has helped man, as that he has not? To say nothing of religious reformers, does it not look mightily as if the host of inventors and general philanthropists had so helped him?

YOUNGER STUDENT.—No! Parts of a great machine, set in motion by God to gradually develop the race, they acted as they were compelled to. What I am forced to do, that I will do.

ELDER STUDENT.—Does your conscience say Amen to that? Did these men feel that they were thrust forward? On the other hand, did they not feel that a something within them stood fairly alone, battling with hell-sent hindrances? O my friend! even we, standing on the shore of such a wondrous and instructive heretofore, know next to nothing. It will not do, then, for us to say, "because I know that fate governs all things, I will resign myself to its tides."

Let us the rather, making practical use of such knowledge as have certainly been granted to us—reply by vigorous action, to those Macedonian cries which ceaselessly assail our ears.

Look forth upon the city and then upon that beautiful landscape. The voice of *Nature* speaking through "earth and her waters and the depth of air," tells me that this world was not intended for an abode of misery; and yet what unspeakable misery lies all around us here. If all men were miserable, we might reasonably fold our hands in despair; but it is not so. For contrast now with these wretched hovels below us, the villas over the water. How's this? here are some of your fellow mortals living deliciously, and others alongside of them living sorrowfully. What are we to make of this fact? It seems, then, that something has caused a difference between the states of different sets of men as to goodness and comfortableness. "What is this something?" is one of the first questions that should suggest itself to every man having a spark of manhood in him, who finds that he has weekly some hours to spare, after providing for his own wants. "What has caused this?" for surely if I can even in appearance, by any means, help any of the lower sort on to a higher plane, as to goodness and comfort—we is me if I do it not; such conduct were dastardly!

And now to you, sitting idly there, pondering metaphysical subtleties, while your brethren, according to the flesh, are enduring hell-agonies of mind and body—I come with a "what dost thou here, Elijah?" Is there anything that you can do to raise one of those squalid wretches in the alley-yonder, to even the plane of physical comfort inhabited by those dwelling in the villas over the water? Could the perambulating of your body, or the working of your mind, possibly produce any such results? If so, it seems to me that it would be doing the sensible thing, if, instead of moping, you should try to persuade those inexorable destinies of yours, to let you stir around some in their behalf.

The countenance of the younger had worn a sullen, impatient look, during the first part of this harangue; but as the speaker waxed warm, he was evidently moved; till at length, just as he was uttering the last sentence, every muscle of his face relaxed, and he bowed his head between his knees and wept, exclaiming, "Fool! Fool!"

The elder, now thoroughly inspired by his subject and the emotion of his friend, continued:—"But if it really seems to you a good idea for you to try to get the fates to let you do some walking, talking, and thinking, in behalf of these poor wretches under our window what about the evil that is in the wide world? O, brother man! it seems to me that at last the prayer of the prophet 'O sword of the Lord how long will it be ere thou be quiet, put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest and be still!' is about to be answered. It seems as if God was putting it into the hearts of men to chase evil from this earth, and had sent forth his edict to that effect. This is a *harvest time*, no time to labor in vain. Arise, then! set thee cheerily and sturdily to the work! Let us see what we can do to help all the progressive movements of the day. What if many fanatical and foolish men and women are active in all these movements? It is in the nature of things that all the scum of society should be carried away by every new excitement! What care we for the opprobrium that will be cast upon us for our connection with such people? With the merry-heartedness of men who feel that they are hard at work in a good cause, we will taunt our conservative friends, and pat encouragingly our ultra-progressive friends—ourselves holding mainly the middle ground; though sometimes dashing to the very forefront of the progressives."

"Amen!" said the younger firmly, for now the faces of the two wore the same expression.

A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal, and he should care no more for that phantom, "opinion," than he should fear meeting a ghost if he crossed the church-yard at dark.—Butler.

LUTHER ON THE ANGELS.

From a discourse on good and evil Angels, preached at Wittenberg, at the Feast of Michaelmas, 1520.

"* * * Seeing then, that the Feast of St. Michael, and of all the angels, exists, we will retain the same in our churches. Not for secular reasons alone, and the income which is derived from it; but much rather for Spiritual reasons. Because it is useful and necessary that Christians should continue in the right understanding of angels,—so that the young people may not grow up, neither learning nor knowing what dear angels purpose and do; and have no joy therein, and never thank God the Lord for this gift and benefit."

Now beginneth the Lord a sermon for children, and saith, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones," &c. There thou hast a clear text, which thou oughtest, with certainty, to believe. For this man, Christ, knows, of a surety, that children have angels, which do not make the children, but help to preserve them whom God hath created. So then, we preachers and parents ought to begin where Christ began, and impress upon children that they have angels. * * * After this manner will I train a child from early youth, and say to him, Dear child, thou hast an own angel. If thou prayest morning and evening, this angel shall be near thee and shall sit by thy little bed. He has a little white coat, and he shall nurse thee and rock thee and take care of thee, that the bad man, the Devil, may not come nigh thee. Also, when thou lovest to say thy *Benedicite* and thy *Gratias* before meat, thy little angel will be near thy table, and will wait upon thee and guard thee and watch, that no evil may befall thee, and that thy food may do thee good. If this were impressed upon children, they would learn and accustom themselves from youth up to the thought that the angels are with them. And this would not only serve to make them rely on the protection of the dear angels, but also cause that they should be well-behaved, and anxious to stand in awe, and to think. Though our parents are not with us, yet the angels are here; they are looking after us, that the evil Spirit may do us no mischief."

This, peradventure, is a childish sermon, but nevertheless, it is good and needful; and so needful and so simple that it may profit us old folks also. For the angels are not only present with children, but also with us who are old. So says St. Paul, in the first epistle to the Corinthians, xi. 10. "For this cause ought the woman to have a power on her head, because of the angels." Women should not be adorned in the church and in the congregation as if they were going to a dance, but be covered with a veil for the sake of the angels. St. Paul here fetcheth in the angels, and saith that they are present at the sermon, and at sacred offices and divine service. This service of the angels doth seem to be precious, but herein we see what are genuine good works. The dear angels are not proud as we men; but they walk in divine obedience, and in the service of men, and wait upon young children. How could they perform a meaner work than to wait day and night upon children? What doth a child? It eats, weeps, sleeps, &c. Truly, an admirable thing, that the holy ministering Spirits should wait upon children who eat, drink, sleep, and wake! To look at it, it indeed seems a lovely office. But the dear angels perform it with joy, for it is well pleasing to God, who hath enjoined it upon them. A monk, on the contrary, saith, shall I wait upon children? That will I not do. I will go about higher and greater works. I will put on a cowl and will mortify myself in the cloister, &c. But if thou wilt consider it aright, these are the highest and best offices, which are rendered to children and to pious Christians. What do parents? What are their works? They are the menials and the servants of young children. All that they do—they themselves confess—they do for the sake of their children, that they may be educated. So do also the dear angels. Why, then, should we be ashamed to wait upon children? And if the dear angels did not take charge of children, what would become of them? For parents, with the help of prince and magistrate, are far too feeble to bring them up.—Were it not for the protection of the dear angels, no child would grow to full age, though the parents should bestow all possible diligence upon them.—Therefore hath God ordained, and set for the care and defence of children, not only parents, but also emperors, kings, princes, and lastly, his high and great Spirits, the holy angels, that no harm may befall them. It were well that the children were impressed with these things.

On the other hand, one should also tell children of the wiles of the devil and of evil Spirits. Dear child, one should say to them, if thou wilt not be pious, thy little angel will run away from thee, and the evil Spirit, the black *Zephelem*, will come to thee. Therefore, be pious and pray, and thy little angel will come to thee, and the *Zephelem* will leave thee. And this is even the pure truth. The Devil sits in a corner, and if he could throttle both parent and child, he would do it no otherwise than gladly."

Thus are the dear angels watchmen also, and keep watch over us and protect us. And were it not for their guardianship, the black Nick would soon find us, seeing he is an angry and untiring Spirit; but the dear angels are our true guardians against him. When we sleep, and parents at home and the magistrate in the city and the prince of the country sleep likewise, and can neither govern nor protect us, then watch the holy angels and guard and govern us for the best. When the Devil can do nothing else, he afflicted me in my sleep, or maketh me sick that I cannot sleep.—Then no man can defend me; all they that are in the house are asleep, but the dear angels sit at my bedside, and they say to the Devil, Let this man sleep, &c. This is the office which the angels perform for me, unless I have deserved that God should withdraw his hand from me, and not permit his angels to guard and defend me, but suffer me to be scourged a little, to the end that I may be humbled, and acknowledge the blessing of God which he conferreth upon me by the ministry of the dear angels.

Further, it is the office of the dear angels to protect and accompany me when I journey, to be with me by the way. When I arise in the morning and perform my prayer, and pronounce the blessing of the morning and go forth into the field, I am to know that God's angels are with me, that he keeps good watch over me against the devils that are around me, behind and before.—*Prose Writers of Germany.*

It is very improper and dangerous to run or drive fast in a thunder storm, for this reason: The running or driving produces a current of air, and when air is agitated, it affords very little resistance to a shock of lightning, because it is a better conductor when in motion than when at rest.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1854.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS.

The half year subscriptions for the Christian Spiritualist terminated with the last number, so that if our friends do not wish a continuance of the paper, they will please let us know, as we shall continue to send as before, without some word is sent us to do otherwise. We wish the friends to bear in mind, we have all the back numbers on hand, and will be able to supply all demands.

We hope, therefore, the friends will send us the needed information, that we may be able to send the back numbers on their mission. Beside this, it is necessary the back numbers should be had, if the friends wish the work of Cabagnet, which we have translated from the French and published on the fourth page. We shall be happy, however, to hear from the friends, as we are ever ready to hear advice, and make the most of any friendly suggestion that may be made for the furtherance of progress. We are free to say, that our short experience in the editorial sanctum makes us feel the need of the divinest culture, that as a writer, we may be *orthodox*, while *truthful*, positive, while kind, that as a man, we may be practical and harmonious, while faithfully doing our duty.

It may be, however, that, like many others in high and low places, we "magnify our office," and attach an undue importance to our efforts, so natural it is for most persons to think they are "about right." Of this, and much that relates to it, the reader must be judge, for while our private character is *our own*, our public efforts are common property, and subject to great discount in the sphere of true wisdom. We make these remarks not to bring ourselves before the reader, but to premise a few remarks as to our future efforts. When this paper was first issued, the name "CHRISTIAN" by some was considered objectionable, because of its theological associations, as many, no doubt, had concluded that no good thing could come out of the Nazareth of the past worthy of a prominent place in the Spiritual temple of the future. These friends had what seemed to them good and valid reasons why these conclusions should be authoritative and final. With this view of the matter, those friends composing "The Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge" differed, and very naturally wished to have their views so represented that there could be no confounding the two positions. This paper, therefore, represents the views of that class of the Spiritual family, who see that all experience is but the expansion and unfolding of old truths—truths made *new* by adaptation, appropriation, and development of such relations to the life of the individual, and the necessities of society, as tend to aid progress and enrich the civilization of the future. It is *eclectic*, therefore, in its theology, philosophy, and science, and grows in the light and heat of all culture. Still, above all, and beyond all, it delights to honor the Spirit of Jesus, because Spiritualism culminated in him and was at once the essence of his being, the fragrance of his life. In him, it finds a representative of a developed manhood, and presents him as the divine unity of the priest of Nature, the prophet of Humanity, and the man of the future. In making these statements, however, no issue is forced upon the public, nor can there be any controversy from such premise, as, theologically, they are the acknowledged views of private members rather than public disputants. If any person or persons think not so, he stands adjudged by history, reason, and Spiritual anthropology, rather than by individual dogmatism! God is the common Father of all, and He and the angels must be Judge in such cases, as we ignore any *intention* to censure such conclusions. Our course is *open*, and happy will we be in knowing that our efforts are harmonizing the relations of society, explaining the value of life and warming the affections of men heretofore insensitive to the divine harmonies of Spiritual growth. So comprehensive is this Spirit-Gospel, so constant and reliable is its teaching, so potent with bliss its consolations, so exhaustless its known and unknown mines of mental and Spiritual wealth, that all can come without money and without price and partake of the blessing of God freely. Surely, the affections can warm into new life, and the soul grow big with present and prospective happiness, while calling to mind the blissful associations that mingle with the memories of those gone home, when we know it to be a living, vital fact, that though they be dead physically, Spiritually they speak to us in the living language of Spirit-intercourse. Truly can we say, the ends of the earth have met, for while Geology is unfolding the wonders of the past and explaining the developments of other ages, the present is rich in culture, and rapidly appropriating its mental wealth to the improvement of society, the happiness of its members, and Spirit-intercourse, like a crowning benediction, comes to give rich promise to the unfolding future.

"The desire of all nations shall come," for its dawn shines in rich effulgence upon us, and stimulates us to "rejoice exultant." The reader must judge for himself or herself, how far we are in sympathy with the great Gospel of light and love, as it comes to us from the opening heavens and the revealing earth, and how far we are in fellowship with what reformers would believe to own as the power of God unto salvation, before active cooperation can be established. To all in fellowship with these views, we are already united by the bonds of love and Spiritual relationship, although we may never have seen you, and feel free therefore to ask your aid and practical of force to spread the glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people. It is useless to say how you can do this, as out of the abundance of the heart the soul gives and works as well as speaks, so that if you ask the question with the inspiration of hope and faith living in you to will and to do, there is no doubt but the intuitions of your own being will give the needed information. "The Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge" works for the good of Humanity; if it is not all you wish it good, reader, give us the helping hand and the warm soul to make it what it should be, that the instrument may be worthy of the cause to which it is devoted.—PROGRESS.

DODD WORTH ACADEMY.

We were pleased to see this spacious and handsome hall filled, on last Sunday evening, by an intelligent and attentive audience. Indeed, it would be difficult for an intelligent mind to be present and not be attentive—so Spiritual and eloquent was the address that chained the sympathies and convictions of the listener for over an hour. The object of the speaker—Rev. T. L. Harris—was to show that the modern facts of Spirit-intercourse gave the needed and only explanation of the conflicting theories of Biblical inspiration, as held by the oppos-

ing schools of Protestant Christendom. The subject will be continued when Brother Harris next speaks at the above place—Nov. 26.

Prof. S. B. Brittan is to address the Spiritualists next Sunday—morning and evening—at the usual hours, at the above place.

J. H. W. Tooley will speak at the same place the Sunday following, on the Philosophy of PLURALITY, and the necessities of practical reform. The object of the lecturer will be to awaken a true and lasting interest in behalf of the RAGGED SCHOOL now in operation in this city. The collection to be taken on that occasion, morning and evening, will be appropriated to such uses as may best serve the purposes of that enterprise.

THE SPIRITUAL FAIR IN BOSTON.

In the absence of a report of the Fair and Convention, the following items from the Boston Herald will be suggestive of progress. The extensive notice given of the Fair, and the consequent time for preparation, awakened high hopes and expectations in the minds of those working for the enterprise; and we are happy in being able to say they were not disappointed.

We hope to be able, in our next issue, to give the detail of this effort; as the friends of Spiritualism in the various cities may need, ere the winter passes, to follow the example of the Bostonians, as we have need of *means* to call into being and keep in motion many agents well calculated to be of great benefit to the cause of reform and progress. As the Spiritualists are a thinking people, we have every reason to expect they will be, in a short time, a practical and philanthropic people; so that no hind will be thrown away that in any way can explain the method by which the *means* can be attained to aid reform. We do not think, however, that the end sanctifies all the means frequently used in "fairs" to get money—as they leave in the mind a sad misgiving that there is more anxiety to attain an end than leave a good, pure impression behind. Much discrimination should be used in fairs, be the appropriation of the money ever so good; for the unsympathizing observer may see the selfishness of the sectarian in the enterprise, rather than the conscientious Spiritualist.

We make these reflections, not because we know or have heard of any *phase* of impropriety in the getting up of the Boston Fair, but because it is too common a maxim in life to "get money" to get it honestly if you can, but at all events, to get money. Civilization to-day makes this its practical motto; but it lives, moves, and has a being from a lack of reflection, rather than excess of selfishness.

The following is complimentary: SPIRITUALISTS' FAIR.—The Spiritualists commenced a Fair in Chapman Hall, rear of Horticultural Hall, last evening, and propose to continue it through this day and to-morrow. The Hall is handsomely adorned, the tables well supplied, the post-office abounds in letters, fortune-tellers—the great who ever plied that trade—the refreshments are choice and delicate, and to the great hall of Boston to the Hall. There must be something in Spiritualism that imparts the flush of health to the skin, the bloom of happiness and high enjoyment to the countenance, vivacity and grace to manners, else why do these qualities shine so conspicuously in the ladies who direct this Spiritual Fair? The more commonplaces of flattery we despise, but to say that the ladies here are as fine specimens of Nature's handwork as Boston can produce, is simply the truth.

We have no doubt but our fair friends in Boston will appreciate the kind feeling of the Reporter of the Herald, the more so that paper has not enjoyed the reputation of being over delicate in its reports of the doings and sayings of the Spiritualists.

It would seem that, at the close of the Convention, which came after the Fair, Judge Edmonds, of this city, delivered a lecture, which must have been of great power, marked consistency and logical clearness, judging from the following: JUDGE EDMONDS AT THE MUSIC HALL.—Judge Edmonds delivered a Lecture on Spiritualism, at the Music Hall, last evening, before a crowded and highly intellectual audience, among whom we noticed many of our most prominent citizens. Judge Edmonds is a pleasing speaker, very fluent, calm, dispassionate, logical. A few such lecturers would almost revolutionize the public sentiment of New England in relation to this mysterious subject. They could count their converts by thousands.

He remarked that the foulest slander ever uttered against Spiritualists, was the charge that they believe in and hold to the doctrine of Free Love, as it is popularly understood. One of the fundamentals of Christianity was obedience to the command of Christ, and in the pure and holy sense in which He gave it—"Love one another." He also repudiated the idea that Spiritualists, as such, hold to the doctrine of Socialism.

THE SPIRITS AMONG THE QUAKERS.

We give the following from the Daily Tribune of this city, (Nov. 7.) that our friends may have the *facts, style and authority* as we find them:

THE SPIRITS AMONG THE QUAKERS.—We learn from a Baltimore correspondent that the ghosts mustered their forces so strongly among the members of the Yearly Meeting of friends (Hicksite branch), in session there last week, that it was found necessary to appoint a Committee of investigation on the subject. The Centre (Pa.) Quarterly Meeting, which forms a part of the Baltimore Yearly Meeting, is said to have become quite "carried away" by the Spiritual fever.

This item of news is very important, as it may serve as a premise for a few remarks. Many persons seem to think—the writer of the above extract among the number, no doubt—that if the Spirits had anything to communicate, it should be done in the regular way—i. e., in the orthodox way, and through orthodox media—i. e., churches and ministers. We know, however, that in the days of Christ, the publicans and sinners were nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than the self-righteous and dignified church-goers of the times, and Jesus was plain of speech enough to say so much.

Whatever philosophy may ultimate from this class of facts, we will not now attempt to say; but as a historic statement, it may be well to keep in mind the fact that all *new* truths, or *new* unfoldings and applications of *old* truths, have been met with the reproach that the *common* people received them gladly. The history of the Hicksite Friends illustrates this statement, since they have ever been progressive, reformatory and measurably consistent followers of the "light within."

Not so the Orthodox Friends. They, like most of our so-called religious organizations, make the inner life conform to the ceremonial man—the *real* people of the society, be it what it may. So they present in their history, not an unfolding and expansion of principles, but a contraction and ignoring of the very heroism and Spiritual wealth that at one time crowned them with religious glory, and made them the peculiar people they were. Verily, their light has departed, and now they live like most old organizations, in the valley and shadow of mental and Spiritual death.

Naturally enough, therefore, we find the Hicksite Friends coming into "rapport" with the new manifestations; while the Orthodox are still quarreling about the ancient "land-marks."

From what we know of the Hicksite Friends, we

hope great things of them; as we know many of them to be kind friends, hospitable entertainers, and Spiritual-minded men and women.

We cherish a respectful memory for many of them, as it was our good fortune to find in their ranks true and kind friends in the hour of need—in an hour when Protestantism could not afford to give us *tolerance*, because of some *intellectual* error. Quakerism gave us both tolerance and sympathy, while differing with us.

Truly has it been said—"The first shall be last, and the last shall be first;" for while the night of ages seems sitting on the Orthodox Quakers, and shutting out the light of other days, the true Friends are up and doing, with well-nerved purposes for the present, and great hopes and holy emulations for the future.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

The above named school may not be very inviting to the fastidious and frivolous many, who think life was given for *self-gratification* and the pursuit of pleasure, but to the thinking man and woman, the name *ragged* will be significant of a very long chapter in the present make-up of society. Such men and women, earth's angels, we wish to get interested in this school, as the winter is close at hand with its cold long nights and stormy days, when a dinner and shelter may be a God-send to many, although both may not be of the best. The object of Miss Dow in getting up this school is to have a place where she can take 40 or 50 children, and do something toward clothing and schooling them, beside giving them something like a dinner each day. Her present school numbers over 40, and additions are to be made as soon as the funds can be obtained to carry on the enterprise. If small sums be at the disposing of the friends interested in the school, small good for the time can be accomplished, but we have confidence enough in Spiritualism to believe, that soon as it is known that in New York city, the Spiritualists are making in effort to call a practical, philanthropic school into being, it will meet with fellowship from the friends abroad. That such humanitarian efforts cannot be sustained, we know is the conviction of many, but in this practical age, we may be pardoned, if we pay more attention to the suggestions of hope than *fear*, since the so-called *impossibilities* of many and many an enterprise have melted into thin air before the strong arm and the determined will of the inspired man and woman. I *never* built a house, but I *live*, has, and enjoyed many happy hours and lived many blessed scenes within its consecrated walls. So in this case, the Ragged School is small to-day, like its means, but if we are true to the intuitions of the Spirit, if we *work* as well as preach, it shall live to bless thousands. We are not fond of Sectarian Schools, and hope for the day when the great army of children in the Houses of Children's Aid Societies and Industrial Schools, shall be united with the Ragged School by the common bond of Christian unity—love to God, faith in humanity, and a baptism of regenerated life, that will make each love his neighbor's good as his own. When this union takes place, and party feelings and sectarian jealousy give way to *faith, hope and charity*, then will humanity's jubilee commence, the advent of which has long since been sung by the angels in the never-dying words, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will towards man." The religion that can warm the soul to exclaim, *Alma* to this will nerve the arm and open the purse to sustain the Ragged School, and institutions of a like character.

The present necessities of the School, however, demand that we do something now; and it is a fixed fact that a Fair will be got up, as soon as possible, for the benefit of the School. If our friends, therefore, feel interested in this enterprise, we hope to hear from them in some substantial way. Any money, clothing, boots or shoes, directed to this office, or 309 Broadway, will be faithfully appropriated according to the wishes of the donor. Should any need prompting as to the need of such Schools, we would suggest to them the propriety of coming to New York, and looking into the matter, as Miss Daw has done. She was in New York but a short time when she felt moved to commence this labor of love. The Daily Tribune, in speaking of her, uses the following pertinent language:

"The spirit of Christian benevolence touched her heart. And what did she do? Very natural question—easily answered—go and see. Go to No. 467 Sixth avenue, west side, between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets, climb two flights of stairs, and there you shall find this 'medium'—truly a medium between God and His needy creatures—with twenty-five children, picked up out of the adjacent streets, lanes and alleys—coaxed with promises of rewards out of the dens and holes which they call home, where they call somebody father or mother; or say they have no one to call so; and these poor, neglected children—children of ours—children of the Republic—children growing up to become American citizens—these, with her own hands, she has washed and clothed, and fed, and taught to read and work, and pray—taught them the principles of religion and morals, such as they never could learn at home, under home influences; making them better, happier, and fitting them, by a short training, to be fit for inmates of our great public schools, which they would never enter while in their normal condition."

Thanks to God and the angels, the age we live in has many such, who are biding their time when they will be able to do the "right thing" for humanity. If the blessings which surround us were duly appreciated, there would be little need to urge this matter; but as it is, we need to be warmed into fellowship with good by the inspiration of *deed* and bold endeavor; and we expect to hear from our friends kind words and true in favor of the enterprise.

Friends, pass the word along. There is to be a "Fair" for the benefit of the Ragged School—the when and where to be made known hereafter—together with such other information as may be necessary to the furtherance of the enterprise. Till then let our watch-word be—We hope—we labor—we wait.

MARRIED.

At Balist-on Spa, N. Y., on the 31st ult., by Rev. R. T. Wade A. M. WHITE to LYDIA M. HOWLAND.

With pleasure we give place to this notice, as we wish it known that Spiritualists do not oppose nor ignore the institution of marriage, although they may be as sensible as any *ultraist* of its present imperfections. The true Spiritual man and woman can look at their union only in the light of eternal progress, if they seek for lasting happiness; since the very word *progress* is a tacit concession that the culture of the *present* must be enriched by such wisdom as experience and an enlarged knowledge of ourselves can bring to meet the needs and necessities of daily life. The so much talked of discords of marriage have their being mostly in the excesses of sentiment, which the present culture of society makes natural to the social relations of life; but that marriage, *per se*, is responsible for this, is the very absurdity of assumption and folly. We hope, therefore, that our friends will remember that wisdom is of celestial birth, as well as love;

and so act that you may live not only in harmony one with another, but in such close communion with Spiritual life, that internal peace will be an ever-present blessing. *Life*, kind friends, is God's great gift to you. So use it, that it may be worthy of Him.

DR. ADAM CLARKE AND SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

I take the liberty of sending you an extract from the "Life of Adam Clarke," of manifestations that occurred about the year 1808—which, perhaps, may interest some of your readers, and likewise be of benefit to those who think much of Adam Clarke as a theologian.

"Published by D. Waugh & T. Mason, for the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Conference Office, 14 Crosby street. J. Colford, Printer: 1834."

Vol. II., page 85, the following account is given:

"A curious circumstance occurred some little time previous to the death of Mr. Tracy Clarke, which deserves notice, both as being singular in itself, and resting on more indubitable evidence than most recorded facts of the kind.

"Mr. Tracy Clarke was accustomed to visit the Isle of Man, occasionally, for the recovery of his declining health. The last time he was there, he took his third son, Thrasycles, with him, leaving his fifth son, about seven years old, with his mother. After staying some days on the island, he proposed to return to Maghull, and while his son and he were walking to the packet, he said: 'Thrasycles, I have been, last night, to see your mother; she was sleeping in the best bed-room, which she is not accustomed to sleep in, and looked very well.' By the time that he had finished the account, they came to the packet, set sail, and arrived safely in Liverpool. Mr. Tracy Clarke and his son went at once to his brother's house in Leeds street, and in the course of conversation, without thinking particularly of the matter, he told his *dream* about having gone to Maghull. But the singular part of the story is this: Early in the morning of the same day that Mr. T. Clarke left the Isle of Man, Mrs. Clarke, at Maghull, woke her son, and said: 'I am very much distressed; I fear some evil has happened to your father; for last night, while lying in bed, I heard him come in; he rode up to the stable, put his horse into it, brought his saddle and bridle into the house, and hung them up, as usual. I then heard his footsteps ascending the stairs, enter the room, and walk round the bed-room. All this I heard distinctly, though I saw nothing; and that it was your father's footstep, I am certain, as I should know it from any other in the world, and I am sadly afraid some misfortune has befallen him.'

"The day on which Mr. T. Clarke and his son arrived in Liverpool, his brother persuaded him to spend at his house, and to sleep there that night, sending his son, Thrasycles, forward to Maghull, to inform his mother of their safe arrival.

"When Mrs. Clarke saw Thrasycles coming without his father, she broke into the most passionate exclamations of grief, and it was a long time before her son could persuade her that his father was safe in Liverpool, so alarmed was she at seeing him *alone*, and so convinced did she feel that this visit of her husband's Spirit—for such she always believed it to be—boded him no good.

"A very short time after this, Mr. T. Clarke's illness increased so rapidly, as speedily to terminate his life.

The above appears to be a most singular fact. One person *dreams*—if such it were—in the Isle of Man, and tells the dream, next morning, to his son: his wife, eight miles from Liverpool, hears, on the same night, and tells it next morning, that she had heard him do what he himself dreamed he had performed. The circumstance was told to others before the parties met—by the husband in course of casual conversation, and by his wife as a subject of alarm. He supposes it to be a dream, and she an omen; and when the son appeared without the father, she thought that her forebodings were accomplished. There had been neither time nor possibility for intercourse between the parties. He had dreamed what he saw was the *fact*, her sleeping in a room where she was not accustomed to sleep, and she actually believed she had seen him in that very room. However it may be accounted for, it is a most singular coincidence; and were we inclined to speculate, it might afford room for the supposition of *mental sympathy and knowledge* between persons far separated, or of the *communion of Spirits*, when individuals could not personally have intercourse."

Again, in vol. II., pp. 43-4. I find the following observations were made shortly after a Lieut. Church had received a gunshot wound:

"Shortly after Lieutenant Church received his wound, his brother, George Church, Esq., a gentleman of very large estates, was killed by a fall from his horse. Previously to these two disasters, *strange noises* were heard in the mansion house called the *Grove*. The doors were said to have opened and shut of themselves; sometimes all the pewter dishes, &c., on the dresser in the kitchen, were so violently agitated, as to appear to have been thrown down on the floor, though nothing was moved from its place. Sometimes *heavy treadings* was heard where no human being was; and often, as if a person had fallen at whole length on the floor above the kitchen. A. C. sat up one whole night in that kitchen during Lieut. Church's indisposition, and most distinctly heard the above noises, shortly before Mr. G. Church was killed by the fall from his horse. After the death of the two brothers, these noises were heard no more. What was the cause of the noises, was never discovered.

While on the subject of *omens*, it may not be improper to notice the opinion concerning the *Fairies*, then so prevalent in that country. It is really astonishing how many grave, sober, sensible, and even religious people, have united in asserting the fact of their existence! And even, from their own personal knowledge, as having seen, or heard, or conversed with them! At a near neighbor's, according to the report of the family, was their principal rendezvous in that country. The good woman of the house declared in the most solemn manner to Mrs. Clarke, that a number of those *gentle people*, as she termed them, occasionally frequented her house; that they often conversed with her, one of them putting its hands on her eyes during the time, which she represented from the sensation she had, to be about the size of those of a child of four or five years of age. This good woman with her whole family, were worn down with the visits, conversations, &c., of these invisible gentry. Their lives were almost a burthen to them, and they had little prosperity in their secular affairs. But these accounts were not confined to them; the whole neighborhood was full of them, and the belief was general if not universal. From the natural curiosity of A. C., it need not be wondered that he wished to see matters of this sort. He and his brother frequently supposed that they heard noises and music altogether unearthly. Often they have remarked that small fires had been kindled over night in places where they knew there were none the preceding day, and at such sights, it was usual for them to say to each other, the *Fairies* have been here last night.

"Whatsoever may be said of imaginings and sights,

though not one in a million may have the shadow of truth, yet *sober* proofs of the existence of a *Spiritual world* should not be lightly regarded. We may ridicule *such* accounts, till the Holy Scriptures themselves may come in for their share of infidel abuse."

MR. EDITOR: I have given you the foregoing extracts word for word, and italicized as I have found in the "Life of Adam Clarke." Comment from me I think to be unnecessary, as the account speaks for itself.

Query—Was the biographer of Adam Clarke insane or fanciful when he put forth those incidents to enlighten the world and give a peculiar feature to Methodism?

Oh, that men would be consistent, and not condemn in others that which they have approved of!

Go ahead; the good work is progressing; and I am in hopes the time is not far distant when all shall bow the knee and confess that God is manifest in all His works, and man will be free from human creeds, and will serve the true and ever-living God.

Alfred Otis.

Fillard Point, Jefferson County, N. Y., Nov. 3, 1854.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

TEMPERANCE AND POPEY: An Address delivered before the Saratoga County Convention, at Ballston Spa, Oct. 10th, by GEORGE BULLARD, Albany: J. M. SWEENEY, 75 State Street, 1854.

The above may be called a tract for the time, embodying home truths for home consumption, as it is political in most of its reasoning and issues. Our friends will remember that Gen. Bullard has been for many years an active member of the legal profession, and having received the truth of Spirit-intercourse in the love of it, very naturally he wishes to have his political brethren look to the authority of the Higher Law for light and wisdom, instead of platforms and conventional usages. The address is therefore pertinent to the times, and has to do with some of the controversies now agitating the political parties. To say that it is forcible and logical, is but saying little for the excellencies we find in it, considering it has to do with the antagonisms common to all party issues. The following extract will explain his idea of the coming conflict, and what America should do in the time of need. Speaking of Popery, he says:

"The Creator sent forth his agent in the person of Luther, to strike at the vitals of this monster. Almost unaided and alone, with none but truth and God on his side, he called men back to the principles of freedom, and cultivated that tree whose branches we now see overspreading Christendom. Let us mark well what one determined man has done and can again do with right on his side, who realizes that God rules all things and who follows the convictions of his own soul without fear of consequences.

Napoleon, the great, was a special instrument in the hands of Providence, to dispel this superstitious and magic power. To show that kings did not rule by divine right, with his own determined soul and strong arm, he seized the throne and created for himself an empire; he tore down kings and governments throughout the continent and placed in their stead kings of democratic lineage who ruled at his pleasure. To show the folly and wickedness of the assumptions of the priesthood, he imprisoned the chief, none less than the pope.

The time has not yet arrived for the people of Europe to become entirely free. Before they are competent to govern themselves, they must think for themselves. Every drop of blood, which has been shed in Europe by the hands of despotism, or by the revolutionary throes of freedom, compels men to think and prepare to act in the future.

Kossuth seems to be the agent of Providence now preaching great principles of freedom, truth, and justice, with the whole civilized world for his auditors, and his mission has been to show nations, as well as individuals, that they are dependent upon each other. We are taught that man cannot be truly happy unless he loves his neighbor as himself, as does unto others as he would they should do unto him. It is evident that a nation, like an individual, has no right to remain passive and see a greater nation wronged. In our revolutionary struggle France did not do so by us, and God grant that we shall not neglect our duty to our fellows throughout the world. All mankind are brothers, and no great reform can be successful unless it is based upon the eternal principles of truth and justice, and based on the whole human family for its ultimate object. It is not the part of wisdom, however, for men or nations to act until the proper time. The portentous clouds seem to indicate that such is fast approaching."

Every true friend of progress, and *vive* lover of the United States, should read the following with marked attention, as it is discriminate, catholic, and consistent with the noblest intuitions of patriotism.

Dr. Channing long since said, that "patriotism as well as virtue forbid us to burn incense to national vanity," and the following is a good commentary on that idea.

"To those Catholics who love their fatherland, whether it be Germany, Ireland, or any other portion of the globe, we say to you that your political freedom never can be secured until their mental and Spiritual freedom is first emancipated from the serpentine coils of Jesuitism. To those who love their fatherland, and yet hope to see Europe free, let them remember that liberty and republicanism cannot be established on that continent except by the aid and example of this free country, and that we are not in a position to give them our full weight until Spiritual freedom is here established on a firm basis.

Let Americans act with moderation and with a single eye to justice. Within the last few months we have seen blood flow freely through the streets in different parts of the country. Let us be careful to avoid a war between races, nor take a course which shall throw the whole American population against foreigners as a body; but rather let us take them by the hand, and by kindly treatment induce them to think and act for themselves, and mingle with us, as their common brothers, in the cause of humanity. Let us remember that labor is wealth; that foreigners help dig our canals and build our rail roads; that this country is large and open for the oppressed and the wretched of all lands; that the virgin soil of our wilderness and prairies seems to have been reserved by Providence as a pure garden wherein to cultivate and regenerate the moral and physical man. Let us make war upon their *vices and errors*, but not upon them as individuals, and then they will soon begin to learn their true friends, and turn and labor to reform their brethren. Thus we will avoid driving the whole population of foreign birth into a solid phalanx for self-defense, which has already led to such disastrous consequences. Let us thank Providence for our free native birth right, and thank His aid, that we may turn our light to the improvement of our brethren who have not been so fortunate."

THE KANSAS TERRITORY. By MAX GREENE. In press, and shortly to be published by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 205 Broadway.

We have been favored with a reading of some portions of this work, and were pleased with its style and spirit. Of the work itself, we cannot speak more than to say, judging from what we know of Mr. Greene, as a poet and writer, that we expect the book to have an extensive circulation, as information is anxiously sought by those looking to Kansas and the Far West for a home. Mr. Greene does not come to his task unprepared, as he has already written some very fine letters descriptive of his "travels' history," which have been published in the Daily Tribune of this city.

Those acquainted with the literary character of the Tribune, will take it as presumptive evidence that Mr. Greene's book will be worthy of a reading, since he has been a paid correspondent of that paper.

The following will give some insight into the detail of the work:

Embracing descriptions of Scenery, Climate, Wild Productions, capabilities of Soil, and Commercial and other Resources of the Territory. Interspersed with Incidents of Travel and Anecdotes illustrative of the character of the Traders and Red Men. To which are added directions as to Route,

Outfit for the Pioneers, Sketches as to Desirable Localities for present Settlement, with other information, which make it a Manual for the Emigrant, and work of reference for the Student, as well as instructive Winter Evening Book of Western Life.

The whole will be contained in about 150 pages, beautifully printed on fine paper. Being written, and not compiled, it will be the most authentic and reliable work treating on the New Territories yet published.

Price only 25 cents. Our usual discount to the Trade. Orders may be sent in at once, and they will be filled in the order in which they are received. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

HELEN; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE. HALPHE; OR, I WISH HE WASN'T BLACK. LITTLE ADA; OR, THE STEADFAST GIRL. THE TWO SISTERS. (Parts I. and II.) Hopedale, Mass. EMILY GAT, Publisher: 1854.

We have received the above miniature volumes, as part of a series of "Tales of Rural Home," published with direct reference to the young.

Miss Gay, in publishing these little works, wishes to bring before the minds of the young the fundamental principles of Jesus, so that the spirit of Christianity may become a part of the household education.

From the imperfect reading we have been able to give these little volumes, we are free to say they are little *gems*, and should be generally distributed, as the spirit of affection, love and purity is ever present in the make-up of the story. The publications, thus far, has been the joint work of two sisters—the one writing, and the other publishing—which seems to be a practical division of labor. Still, the friends of progress should give the helping hand to their efforts; for if it is commendable for a woman to earn her daily bread, it is *heroic* when she unites the good of others to her own welfare. It will be a blessed day for humanity when each, in selecting his or her profession, will be equally mindful of the duty they owe to the purity of their culture, while seeking the necessities of life. A reformatory and progressive people should see to it that liberal encouragement be given to those sisters, that their enterprise may be productive of the *good* they seek for others, as well as themselves.

The friends wishing the above works, can send to Hopedale, by letter, two or three shillings in "stamps," as we cannot state the prices. We have no doubt, however, but strict *justice* will be done if they send half a dollar, as there is some postage to be paid. We are informed, by letter, that the postage will be paid where parties wish for a number—viz., two or three dozen—of each.

We sincerely hope that the above little stories will be in the hands of many of our young friends before the Christmas and New Year holidays have passed.

(For the Christian Spiritualist.)

MISAPPREHENSION CORRECTED.

MR. EDITOR: A writer in Providence, R. I., uses the following language in your paper of the 28th ult.:

"Will you ask Mr. Sunderland to describe which of the *discreet* degrees of evil Spirits this communication came from?"

Now, as the question implies a total misapprehension of Mr. Sunderland's views, I beg you will allow me the space for a few remarks concerning it.

The real views of the gentleman

